

WHEAT'S NEW KING.

YOUNG JOE LEITER HAS A CORNER IN THE CEREAL.

He Went Into the Deal Six Months Ago a Novice—Now He is the Undisputed Ruler of the Pit—Said to Be Worth About \$30,000,000.

Joseph Leiter, of Chicago, is the king of the wheat pit. He went into the deal six months ago a novice. He now holds all the cards. The veterans who in other times have won through sheer force of money, and have slaughtered opponents in the grain arena without mercy or pity, find themselves face to face with a new giant, whose check covers one of the richest estates of the world. It has been a battle of pluck, shrewdness, persistence and determination. The dealers over the way pined his verdure, the sublime slant of his forehead, the greenish horn which brought the greenhorn into their paths. They were chafing over the big price which the young man would contribute for his season and experience. They counted him about the next, judicious victim they ever had set their eyes upon. They neglected to look at his chin.

Joseph Leiter is a most peculiar man—not peculiar in the sense of eccentric or in any other disparaging sense.



There probably never lived a man just like him. He is not even like his father. A son unlike his father is apt to be unlike anyone. It never will be possible for the biographer to say of him that he was a self-made man, self-made as the self-made men tell. His success has come to him because he was capable enough to succeed to the management of vast properties. This management did not come to him until he had shown that he was able to plant dollars where they would grow, blossoms and yield him two fold. He came from Harvard five or six years ago with a degree. It was somewhat of a disappointment and surprise to two sorts of friends of his that he went into business at all. All the men and women who had known him picked him to assume at once the profession of a gentleman of leisure. He kept the big house in Tower Place going. It was reported that he had a valet. It would have regularly followed in the natural order of things that he should have frowned upon markets and rentals and leases. The people who thought trash like that failed to look at his chin.

The father did not know exactly the stuff that was in the son. He remembered that he went through years of training—very humble at times—on a farm at his age of financial discretion. Joseph had no such experience. He never had sold goods over a counter nor worked from a clerkship to a commercial dictatorship. His early life had been spent in private schools and at the university—a course very different from pioneer life in bringing out the qualities which make skillful money handlers. He never had been against the hard wall of making his own way. The father concluded to go slowly—slowly as a man of his wealth would estimate it. He placed \$1,000,000 in his son's hands five years ago. It is now considered on the street a comparatively conservative estimate to put the properties under his control—and he is only thirty—at \$30,000,000. It makes \$1,000,000 for each year of his life—probably makes him the young financial king in the world. The fortune is divided among the best institutions of the city, extends into the big railroads, out into ranch holdings in the far West, and great pits of wealth in the hills of the other countries. The more he spends the more he gains, and the men who help him to overtake claim that one of the best reasons for his phenomenal progress is his devotion to the essential little things of his various interests. Mr. Leiter, personally, is one of the most popular men in town. He has more friends than anybody. The friendship runs from the top to the bottom of men, as the people in his circle are accustomed to rate men. He is a favorite no less among men of the clubs than among the men who stand around the corner store and know him only by sight and presence of knowing. He is big, athletic, a bachelor, and lives like a lord.

College Girl Runs Saloon.

The niece of an ex-Governor of Indiana is running a saloon at Wichita, Kan. She was educated at one of the leading colleges of the country and is a highly accomplished musician. She says the Kansas boom caused her downfall. Her husband lost all his money and died, leaving her penniless.

All the members of the British royal family have a great fancy for designing jewelry, and, as a rule, design all the presents they give to each other.

CLEVER NEW DOLLS.

THE LATEST GENERATION HAS WONDERFUL TALKING POWERS.

Can Say a Deal More Than "Ma-Ma" Now, and They Were Never So Lifelike Before—German Makers Led to Do Better by American Demands.

The newest dolls are all doing Delsarte—beckoning, posing, looking this way and that, arch, coquettish, winning, looking any way, in fact, except in that blank, staring, straight-ahead fashion that has been called doll-fashion ever since dolls were. As for their joints and muscles, they are as supple and flexible as once they were stiff and creepy. The new doll can comb and brush her hair, lifting her arms high above her head and twisting her long locks daintily, as she looks into the mirror. She can walk with less effort than she could two years ago, she can open and close her eyes with less of a jerk; she can hold out her hands and look hospitable, or deprecatory, or pleading; she can clasp them negatively in her muff or raise a finger in expostulation for all the world as if she were made out of flesh and blood, and not out of mere paper, or at best, paper mache.

The newest doll has a body, too, modeled on a new and improved plan. It is no longer merely a box trunk with legs and arms stuck into it, but it is shaped like the real human body. There is expression in the limbs. Even the little \$1 dolls—those that Santa Claus is to dress before he can distribute them—are made in the likeness of living children, with dimples and curves and rounded outlines.

Look at that troop of little dolls in the bath tub, each one a little bigger than the other! I declare, they are as pretty as stauary," said a woman shopper as she looked at a store display. The pink-fleshed, bald-headed uramin playthings were lifelike enough to merit praise.

It is the American demand for a better modeled doll that has spurred the German makers up to a higher standard," said a downtown doll importer. "We get up our own models and show them to the manufacturers, and urge the various improvements needed. In most cases they take our advice. The cream of all, the fine grade work, comes to this country.

"What have they done to the dolls to make them look so very lifelike?" he was asked.

The makers have gradually improved every smallest detail of their work within the last two or three years," was the reply. "The hands, arms, legs and feet are all made better, and the head and face are made after an artistic model.

"What about tin bodies? They were tried for a while, but they did not prove popular. There's no better doll body made than the solid paper with a lacque preparation run over it of the correct tint. The paper bodies are far superior to the paper mache. They haven't been making the paper bodies very long.

"A popular idea nowadays is to have some educational suggestion in toys, whether dolls or something else. That makes the big demand for mechanical toys which has put so many duplicates of domestic and scientific machinery on the market. 'Papa' and 'mamma' are the only words uttered by dolls today, but the makers will improve on that you may depend on it. The next thing we'll be having dolls spouting proverbs like 'A stitch in time saves nine,' and 'Never too late to mend' to their little mothers.

There is one feature in which the German makers have not improved, and that is in the quality of the hair with which they top off their high class dolls. No matter how prettily formed and espousing the candle die for sale may be, her flowing locks are nine times out of ten either nothing but jute or hemp, or a mixture of hair that mats on short notice, and, moreover, resists the comb.

"The doll is \$6.50, did you say? Well, of course I must get a wig for her, and that will cost me \$2.50 more," said the woman who was pricing and comparing dolls.

"Oh, her hair looks very nice; those lovely curls!" said the saleswoman, twirling one gold ringlet round her finger.

"It looks lovely now, when it's just taken out of the box," was the answer. "But after my little girl has had hold of her an hour or so, it will be a sight. Besides, I've promised to give her a doll whose hair she can comb and brush as much as she wants to. I'll take that doll. She's a beauty. I'd like to have her just to look at. But I'll get rid of that jute top-piece of hers straightaway."

"Do we keep dolls' wigs?" said a well-known hair dealer. "Well, I should say so. Some children want dark hair on their dolls, because all the dolls are brought out with light hair. We sell many brown and black wigs for that reason. Then, I don't suppose there's a child of well-to-do parents who does not stipulate that her doll shall have real hair that she can brush and tuck up, or curl or braid, just as she sees grown-up people doing up their hair. Our wigs cost from \$2 to \$6 apiece. We always count on the doll's wig season and never mind how many we get in, there are seldom any left over."

Japanese Sake is Ancient.

Next to our grape wine it is believed that Japanese sake, or rice wine, is the oldest alcoholic beverage known to man, its use in Japan dating back over two thousand years.

DE SMITH AND THE 'PHONE.

A Tragedy of the Counting Room Retold by Luck.

De Smith rang his telephone-bell gently.

"Hullo, Central!" he murmured. A patient wait and no answer.

"Hullo, Central!" a trifle louder. No response. Another ring—longer than the first.

"Hullo, Central!" De Smith's voice was slightly tinged with exasperation.

Silence still; and the receiver rasped as De Smith's force breath struck the transmitter.

"Hullo! hullo! hullo!—great blazes!" There came no answering voice, and De Smith rang savagely for fifteen minutes on the clock.

"What do you mean by ringing that way?" asked a feminine voice.

"I mean that I won't wait three hours on you; that's what I mean. My time's worth something."

"Didn't wait three hours."

"Know better. Give me five one night three."

"Six seven two one?"

"Who said anything about six seven two one? I want five one night three—five—"

"Five one nine three?"

"Naught, naught three."

"Ring-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling."

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!" returned De Smith; "is Mr. Johnson there?"

"Wait a minute."

De Smith waited ten minutes, and it seemed like ten hours. At last, a ring and an answer.

"Hullo, there!"

"Hullo, Johnson! Say! send over—"

"Who do you want?"

"Johnson, Johnson—ain't your name Johnson?"

"No; my name's Thompson."

"Send Johnson to the 'phone."

"No Johnson here."

"What! Aren't you Brown, Jones & Robinson?"

"No; we're Huxg & Tzwxson."

"Who?"

"Tritw & Xtwpson."

"Spell it?"

"H-h-h-l-l-o-t-t-h-r-r-d—"

"What's your number?"

"Fifty-one ninety-three."

"Great Caesar's ghost!"

De Smith dropped the receiver and fell back against the door. When he recovered, he went at the 'phone again.

"Hullo, Central!"

"Hullo! Hullo! Hullo! Say! what do you want, anyway?"

"Ring off—I want Central."

"He's no—Johnson—here."

"I didn't say there was!" howled De Smith; "ring off. Hullo, Central!"

"Who are you?"

De Smith danced a devil's horn pipe around the telephone, and then yanked the bell.

"Hullo, Central! where the old Nick are you? Hullo! Hullo! Hullo!"

"Stop your yelling! This is Thompson at the 'phone."

"Go to Hal-fax, Thompson! Will you ring off? I don't want you!"

"What's that? Don't talk so loud—I can't hear you."

"Don't care whether you hear me or not. I'm blamed—"

"Get back from your 'phone."

De Smith gasped, put his receiver in the fork, hung to it with all his strength, and rang his bell until he wore out the battery.

"Hullo, Central!" he murmured in a husky whisper.

His eyes were bulging from his head and life seemed a dreary waste.

"Do you want Gext & Pgwson?"

"No," came the strangely mild and husky whisper; "I want Central."

"There's no Johnson here. I tell you."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Poor De Smith! They took him from that telephone to an asylum, and he amuses himself there with an old door-knob. He holds it to his ear, and is constantly calling for 5183 through the ventilator.

Looking Up the Ratline.

"So that young man wants to marry you?" said Mabel's father.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Do you know how much his salary is?"

"No; but it's an awfully strange coincidence."

"What do you mean?"

"Herbert asked me the very same question about you."

A Police Request.

Buried in a fur coat, with his hands deep in his pockets, a man pusses on the boulevard a man distributing handbills. Very politely, but without taking his hands out, he says to the distributor:

"Thank you, kindly, my friend. But will you have the goodness to throw it on the sidewalk yourself?"

Klondike.

"Quick! The treasure."

It was a woman's intuition to rescue.

Thrusting the doughnut into her bosom, she turned to confront the desperado, as he entered.

"Folled!" hissed Klondike Alf. There was nothing to be seen.

It Made a Stir.

"I suppose your father was a big financier?"

"I should say he was! Why, 'Little Hooche coche and Great Western' stock tumbled three points the day he died!"

No Rest.

The wads by rich men won and kept. Were not attained by single steal. But they, while their companions slept, Were always planning shady deals.

She is a You that Engineer. The youngest engineer in the world is undoubtedly Miss Lola Coulter, of New York City. She is only fourteen years old, but she knows all about throttles and valves, and she can send a locomotive speeding over the curved tracks and straight tracks up hill and down dale. From infancy Miss Lola has shown a fondness for mechanics. When she could scarcely walk she played with toys which contained some mechanism. Later she devoted all her time to building small engines, wagons, and other movable toys out of anything on which she could lay her hands.

Persistent Coughs.

A cough which seems to hang on in spite of all the remedies which you have applied certainly needs energetic and sensible treatment. For twenty-five years that standard preparation of cod-liver oil,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

has proved its effectiveness in curing the trying affections of the throat and lungs, and this is the reason why: the cod-liver oil, partially digested, strengthens and vitalizes the whole system; the hypophosphites act as a tonic to the mind and nerves, and the glycerine soothes and heals the irritation. Can you think of any combination so effective as this?



Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper. 50c. and \$1.00. all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

A Horrible Railroad Accident

is a daily chronicle in our papers; also the death of some dear friend, who had died with Consumption, whereas, if he or she had taken Otto's Cure for Throat and Lung diseases in time, life would have been rendered happy and perhaps saved. Heed the warning! If you have a cough or any affection of the Throat and Lungs. Call on T. J. Keeler, Laporte; W. L. Hoffman, Hills Grove; B. S. Lancaster, Forksville; C. B. Jennings, Agt. Estella; Jno. W. Buck, Sonestown, and get a trial package free. Large size 50c and 25c.

HOTEL FORTER.

Canton Street, SHUNK, PA. W. E. PORTER, Prop'r.

First class in all list appointments. Rates very reasonable. Good stabling. Special attention given to transient trade.

ALL THE BEST FOR OF MODERN LIFE INSURANCE

WRITTEN BY THE

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF PHILADELPHIA.

If you want Life Insurance, don't fail to find out what this old and well-tried company can do for you. Its agent will cheerfully give you the desired information. A postal card addressed to the undersigned, giving name, age and address, will bring you full particulars.

M. A. SCUREMAN, Dushore, Pa.

LAPORTE LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES.

Connected with the Commercial Hotel. First-class Horses and Carriages.

Rates reasonable. CHAS. COLEMAN, Prop.

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP

Just opened at the Laporte Tannery.

Custom work solicited. All work guaranteed. O. W. BENNETT, Prop.

Good News.

No other medicine was ever given such a test as Otto's Cure. Thousands of bottles of this great German remedy are being distributed FREE OF CHARGE, to those afflicted with Consumption, Asthma, Croup, severe Coughs, Pneumonia and all Throat and Lung diseases, giving the people proof that Otto's Cure will cure them. For sale only by T. J. Keeler, Laporte; W. L. Hoffman, Hills Grove; B. S. Lancaster, Forksville; C. B. Jennings, Estella; Jno. W. Buck, Sonestown. Samples free. Large bottles 50c and 25c.

January

Reminds us of NEW HEATING STOVES.



New Ranges, New Stove Pipe, New Stove Repairs, Coal Sieves, Coal Buckets, Horse Blankets, New Bedroom Suits, Apple-butter Crocks, Yardaniers, Feed Cutters, Stone Jugs, Easy Chairs, New Lamps.

THIS SOLID OAK ROCKER

Cane seat, is the greatest Bugain in Rockers.

We are giving it for \$2.25 to our customers.

Jeremiah Kelly, HUGHESVILLE.

HAVING PURCHASED THE GRIST MILL Property

Formerly Owned by O. W. Mathers at this place

I am Now Prepared

To Do All Kinds of Milling on Very Short Notice With W. E. Starr & Miller.

Please Give a Trial.

FEED OF ALL KINDS ON HAND.

W. E. MILLER, FORKSVILLE, PA.

N. B. All parties knowing themselves indebted to me will confer a great favor by calling and paying the amount due, as I need money badly at once. Respectfully yours, W. E. MILLER.

Study Our Prices

And compare our values, then if you have never purchased goods of us before, give us a trial. We guarantee our prices to be

Lower Than the Lowest

in our line, and if goods and prices do not come up to your expectations you are at liberty to return them in the days.

Could Anything be Fairer?

Men's suits at \$3 25 and 5 00 are unmatchable. Men's overcoats at \$4 50 in black or blue, are \$7 00 and 8 00 value.

Boy's suits at 2 75. Children's suits at 75 cents. Ladies' coats at \$1 00, are 3 00 value.

Ladies' capes at 75 cents, 1 00 and 1 50, are LESS THAN HALF PRICE.

All our high priced Ladies' coats and capes we are offering for less than half price.

Bargains in SHOES.

We have a good many odds and ends in ladies' gents' and children's shoes at a big inducement.

500 PAIRS OF MEN'S PANTS, \$2 00 and 3 00 value, all go at \$1 00 a pair.

We have surely reduced from 30 to 40 per cent. on every article we carry in stock.

Come and see for yourself. It will pay you.

Jacob Per The Reliable Dealer in Clothing Boots and Shoes. HUGHESVILLE, PA.